

REGGIE'S BACK IN THE WHIRL

Festive Young Vanderbilt Returns to Town After His Long Exile Caused by the Raid on Richard Canfield's Palace.

COURTS MAKE WAY CLEAR FOR HIM IN THIS CITY.

He Visited "Erminie" at the Casino Last Night and Watched with Interest the Glistening Teeth of Marguerita Sylva.

After remaining in practical exile for almost a year, Reggie Vanderbilt is back in New York enjoying himself. He attended the performance of "Erminie" at the Casino last night and gazed with interest at Marguerita Sylva's teeth. He is once more a familiar figure in the fashionable resorts that knew him well in his college days.

Mr. Vanderbilt need have no fear of the attentions of District-Attorney Jerome's agents. The final decision of the courts in the Jesse Lewisohn case makes New York a safe place for him to live in. Ever since his return he has been congratulated by his friends on the fact that he kept away from New York rather than go on the stand and be questioned as to his operations at Richard Canfield's.

Mr. Vanderbilt was reported to have lost all the way from \$5,000 to \$100,000 on one session with a party of college friends at the famous hotel. He appeared to care much about it but District-Attorney Jerome, who was looking for evidence to back up his sensational raid on the palace of the king of gamblers.

Mr. Vanderbilt remained in this city after he heard of the condemnation of the District Attorney. He would have been surprised and would have been compelled to go to the Criminal Courts Building and listen to questions of an embarrassing nature. Like a thirty year old he improved the time spent in exile by getting married and taking a holiday in the city. His apparent enjoyment of life in New York after all New York is better than a farm in Rhode Island.

NO MEETING OF ALDERMEN.

Members Too Busy with Politics to Attend.

The New York Board of Aldermen were busy talking politics and working favorite candidates to meet to-day. When President Foran called the thing to order there was not a man present, and Mr. Foran adjourned the meeting. It was an hour afterwards that he was gathering, but it was then too late. The Aldermen talked politics.

DR. WESTON WINS IN CORONER FIGHT

Latest Attempt to Oust Him from His Office by Injunction Proceedings Meets with the Court's Disapproval.

The latest attempt to oust Dr. Albert M. Weston from his place as a Coroner's Physician, which he has held continuously for fourteen years, was relegated to the list of failures in that line by Justice Barrett in the Supreme Court to-day.

Theodore Crohn, suing as a taxpayer, applied for an injunction to restrain Dr. Weston from claiming his salary of \$500 a month and the Board of Coroners from auditing his salary bill and certifying it to the Comptroller for payment.

Justice Barrett denies the injunction on the ground that, although Dr. Weston's term of office has been declared to have expired with that of the Board of Coroners which appointed him, he is not now holding a newly created office, as claimed by Crohn, but is a "hold-over," and his title is good until his successor is appointed and has qualified and he is entitled to his salary. Justice Barrett adds:

"I do not mean to intimate that Dr. Weston's title is unquestionable, or that a successor can be appointed upon the theory that he is a hold-over. Indeed, my impression is quite the other way, namely, that his title is valid and that he can only be removed for cause."

Justice Barrett says a taxpayer cannot oust an officeholder who is performing his duties properly by an injunction to stop his salary, for he is not injured as the office has been made certain by his salary. If Crohn's contention is otherwise correct he will have to proceed in quo warranto, which is an injury as to the title to the office.

HEALTH MEN IN SESSION.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The first regular session of the thirty-first annual meeting of the American Public Health Association, which is held here to-day, is prominent bacteriologists and students of sanitation from the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba being present. After the convention was called to order by Dr. Walter Wyman, Surgeon-General, George M. Sternberg delivered an address in which he dealt at length on the efforts which have been made to stamp out disease and to guard against epidemics.

BARON GEVERS MAY CHANGE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—A diplomat who has just returned from Europe states that Baron W. A. F. Gevers, the Netherlands Minister to the United States, has been offered the Rome, St. Petersburg or Constantinople mission, and will probably accept the Italian post, that he may be near his aged mother, who is in Holland. Baron Gevers is absent on leave, and official confirmation of the report is as yet lacking.

ART TREASURES UP FOR AUCTION

Count Von Seldemec's Possessions in Magnificent Staten Island Home to Be Sold Under the Hammer.

WAS GERMAN COLONEL, BUT FLED COUNTRY.

Then Came Disastrous Speculations in Wall Street and Six Months Ago He and His Wife Left Their Home.

The art treasures of Count Von Seldemec, housed in his magnificent home on Manor road, New Dorp, S. I., will be sold Thursday morning by auction. Collected from all parts of the world they were valued at \$35,000. This figure was set not by the connoisseurs, but by appraisers whose work it is to settle upon the marketable value of art objects.

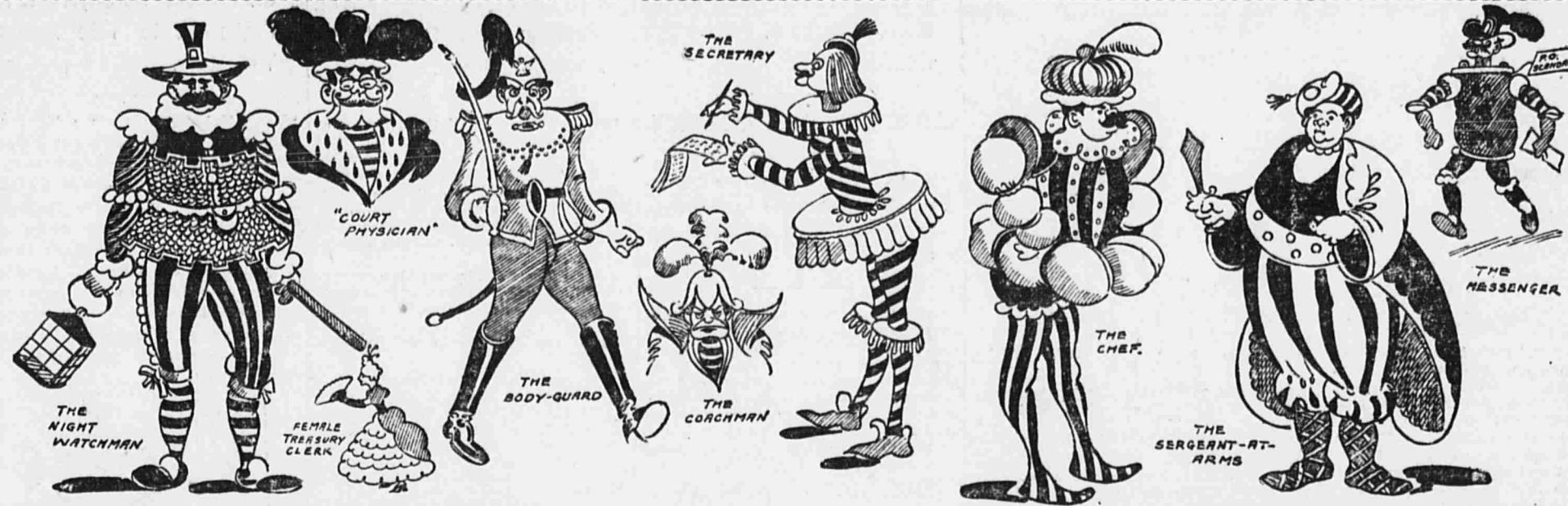
Six months ago the Count, his wife and child disappeared from their home on the island, and to this day none of the inhabitants of New Dorp know where they went. Their leaving was no stranger than their coming, as rumor had it Count Von Seldemec quit his native country to live in peace and quiet in America. He was a colonel in the Kaiser's army and a man of lofty position, socially, politically and martially. The man that fell in his steady and died. The Count was told that he must leave the country and wipe out the stigma upon his name by an absence that would bring forgetfulness of the deed.

Finding an estate on Staten Island to his liking the Count agreed to pay the price asked \$35,000. On this he paid \$2,000 down, the residue to be paid in installments. His vast estate in Germany, not entirely confiscated by his banishment from the realm, brought him sufficient revenue to undertake the building of a fine suburban home in America. Staten Island was near enough to New York to please his wife and himself, and he determined to live there as long as he was not to return to his own country.

It is said that the fever of Wall street speculation blew over the bay and caught the Count in his country home. There he lost his money and more and more frequent losses from this source are believed to be the cause of the Count's financial entanglement. In July, 1902, there was much ado over a failure of process-servers to see the Count at his lovely Manor road farm. Both he and his wife were sued on a note for \$500 and when the messengers of the courts tried to effect a service upon the Count, he fled to his friends, who kept guard of the big home and the grounds as well. The Count was seen at the time and he refused to say whether the debt stood upon his merits or not.

THE WICKED LOEB AND THE DISILLUSIONED ROOSEVELT; OR, THE ABANDONED PLOT TO PUT THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF IN LIVERY.

With the Convincing Moral: "They Also Serve Who Stand and Take It in the Neck."



I. THE INSPIRATION.

"WHAT this Administration needs, Loeb," said the President, "is more color, more beauty, more scenery, so to speak."

"Yes, sire," assented Loeb.

"But how?" mused the President.

"Let's paint the White House red," suggested Loeb.

"Good idea," said the President, "but we won't do it until my second term."

Loeb thought hard. Loeb thinking hard reminds one of a cuckoo clock.

"Ha!" said the President, hitting his desk with a gold-plated axe some admirer had sent him from Maine. "I have it! We'll put uniforms on the varlets around the place."

"Great!" said Loeb. "Great! We'll get a zouave uniform for Uncle Jerry Smith and we'll put a drum major's cap on Arthur Simmons, and Capt. Loeffler can wear my old uniform of Albany Hose No. 1, and—"

"Stop!" thundered the President. "You talk like a string of fish. I will work out the details of this reform."

Loeb looked out of the window. The President wrote hurriedly. After a time he said: "Here is the plan: We will put blue uniforms with silver buttons on the ushers and red uniforms with gold buttons on the messengers, and white uniforms with buff trimmings on the stenographers, and yellow uniforms with gold slashes on the servants, and—"

The President stopped. Then he jumped to his feet. "By Godfrey!" he shouted. "This idea is too good to be devoted to mere servants. We'll uniform everybody. We'll devise a costume for the government clerks and we'll rig out the House of Representatives and the Senate. I will get up something brilliant for the Cabinet."

"Great!" said Loeb. "And what will you wear?"

"I think," announced the President, "that my dress uniform will be a combination of the striking features of the uniform of the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy. I'm boss of both, you know."

"Great!" shouted Loeb.

"Hey!" peeped an unidentified man who had pushed his way into the room. "How about a striped costume for those Post-Office thieves?"

Great excitement prevailed. The unidentified man was hurried out on the \$3,000 tennis court.

II. THE REALIZATION.

SEVERAL days were given to completing the plans. Inasmuch as the uniforms for the ushers, blue with silver buttons, were simpler than the others, it was decided to get that lot ready first.

Work progressed rapidly. The President was de-light-ed.

"Won't it be fine," he asked his visitors, "to see the stately Senator Hoar in a shad-bellied waistcoat of drab, with a purple coat and pink small clothes? And Joe Cannon in top boots, red breeches and a lavender coat with stock and a brass helmet? Hi! Fine!"

"Great!" said the visitors.

The uniforms for the ushers were ready. The story was printed. Immediately there came forcible remarks from all parts of the country.

"Is this an empire or a republic?" some of the questioners had the nerve to ask.

"When did you get to be King?" was another distressing inquiry.

The mails were flooded. Some editors went so far as to say the scheme was "silly."

"Ha," said the President. "It is evident the proletariat does not appreciate the artistic touch I sought to give to my Administration. I am a candidate for election next year. I must desist until I am safely in the White House for a full term."

That evening the blue uniforms were sent to the attic.

III. THE CULMINATION.

NEXT day there was much activity at the White House. Newspaper reporters were told something important was about to happen.

Precisely at noon Secretary Loeb came out and handed the assembled newsgatherers typewritten slips of paper. The reporters read:

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

"In view of the criticism of the plan to uniform the attaches of the White House and some others the President feels impelled to say that the plan originated with Secretary Loeb."

"The President originally gave some slight consideration to Mr. Loeb's proposition, but mature reflection causes him to announce that the proposition made by Mr. Loeb was ill-advised and ill-considered and he has ordered Mr. Loeb to discontinue the preparations and to drop the matter entirely."

"The President desires to state that Mr. Loeb acted in entire good faith in the matter, but as the plan was wholly Mr. Loeb's and the President disclaims all responsibility, Mr. Loeb will, of course, accept whatever criticism there is, although the President feels constrained to say the plan must have been an error of the head and not of the heart."

MORAL—They also serve who stand and take it in the neck.

BOWERY CROWD TRIES TO LYNCH A MOTORMAN

His Car Ran Down Jacob Gross, Killing Him, and One Man, Who Constituted Himself a Leader, Urged the Mob to Vengeance.

Jacob Gross, a young factory worker, of No. 156 Lewis street, was killed to-day by a Third Avenue car in the Bowery, and the throng of people who witnessed the accident would have lynched the motorman, John Cashman, had it not been for the wit of a policeman.

As soon as the accident occurred—it was at the height of the early rush hour—the cars piled up in a long line, and the spectators and motormen ran forward to learn what the cause of the block was.

There were nearly a hundred men in uniform around the spot, in less than two minutes, and the crowd could not distinguish the one in that number whose car had run Gross down.

Cry of "Lynch Him!" Started. Some one started the cry of "Damn the motorman!" which in a moment was changed to "Lynch him!" at the sight of the victim who lay beneath the car wheels.

There was a leader in the mob who went from one to another street-car man asking, "Are you the one that killed him? Are you the one?"

Policeman John Butler, of the Eldridge street station, had seen the beginning of the crowd's temper before this, and unobtrusively had taken Cashman into a doorway some distance below the scene of the accident and there held him until he could get him to the station-house.

Every expedient was suggested to release Gross, but not until the man who would have led the crowd to a lynching came to the front again did any one think of anything worth doing.

Hundred Men Tilt Car Over. "Come on!" he shouted, and suiting action to his words he put his back to the side of the car and began to push. In an instant more than a hundred men had joined in their efforts to move the car. Slowly it gave way to the pressure, and then it went over until only its platform steps kept it from turning a complete turtle.

Gross was lifted from the street and hurried to Gouverneur Hospital.

"I know I am going to die," he said. A moment after that he only had strength enough left to tell his name and his address. He was horribly mangled.

According to the police they have many witnesses who will swear that the motorman, who in a moment Cashman was dragging out of the car. The motorman says that he was not. "The young fellow seemed terror stricken," is Cashman's explanation. "He started to turn one way and then another and then stood right on the track. I rang for him to get out of the way. It is not true that I was going too fast. I was too close to him, though, to stop in time."

Cashman was northbound at the time and Gross was struck in front of a store at No. 223 Bowery.

DEATH NOT READY FOR HIM.

Man Cuts Throat, Jumps from Window, and Is Recovered.

Predazzo Carlo, an Italian laborer, who lives at sixty-third street and Fort Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, came to the conclusion this afternoon that he didn't want to live any longer. So he slashed his throat with a big dirk. Then he lay down to die, but the end was not coming swiftly enough. He began to bathe his blood against a wall of his room. He got tired of doing this when he found that the dirk did not produce the desired effect and jumped into the street, landing on his head.

He was unconscious, but still had plenty of life left when an ambulance came along and took him to a hospital. It is thought that he will recover.

SULTAN REPORTED ILL.

Frequent Fainting Fits Give Rise to Fears for His Life.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—A despatch from Constantinople says the Sultan is seriously ill.

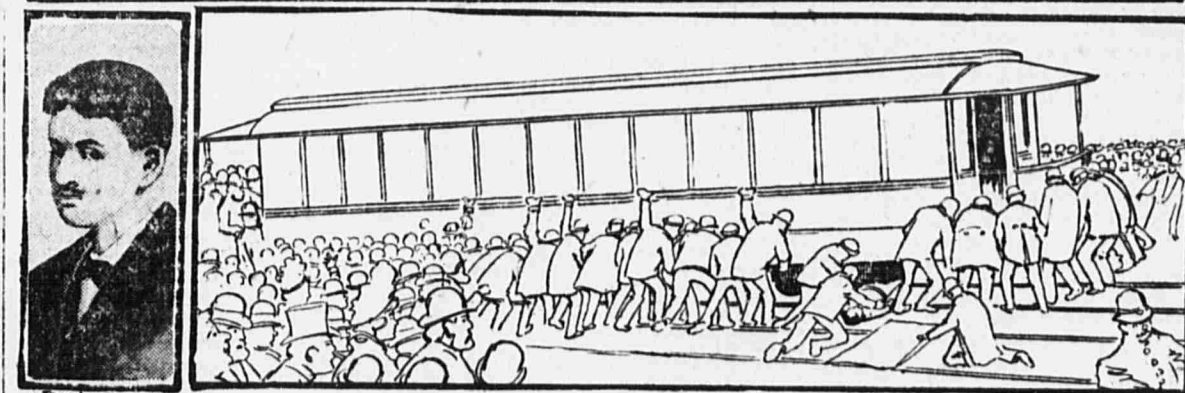
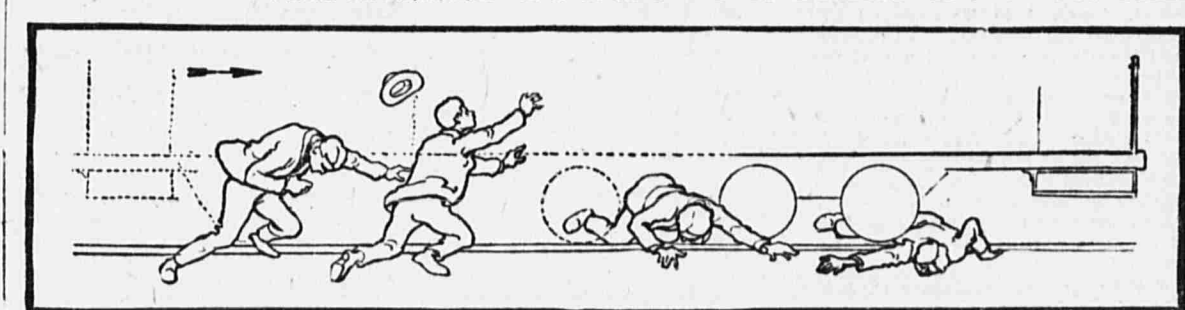
All information is refused at the Porte but it is said on good authority that he fainted while eating dinner and his condition has caused the gravest fears on the part of his physicians.

The Sultan has been in poor health for a long time and has been subject to fainting fits of late. The Grand Vizier has ordered that no news regarding his condition be given to the correspondents.

MAN'S BODY FOUND IN RIVER.

The body of a man about forty-five years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighing about 160 pounds, was found in the North River to-day at the foot of Twenty-seventh street. His clothes consisted of a blue serge suit, striped shirt, gray striped underwear, black socks and laced shoes. There was nothing on his person that might lead to his identification.

DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE WAY JACOB GROSS WAS KILLED TO-DAY BY A THIRD AVENUE CAR.



PATRICK LOSES IN COURT OF APPEALS

Court Concurs in Judgment of the Lower Tribunals That Will He Offered of William M. Rice Is a Forgery.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The Court of Appeals to-day handed down a decision denying the appeal of Albert T. Patrick in the matter of the probate of the will of William M. Rice, of whose murder he stands convicted.

The Court concurs in the judgment of the lower courts that the alleged will offered by Patrick is a forgery. The Court affirms judgment without opinion.

ELKINS GROWS WORSE.

Doctors Have Little Hope of Saving Philadelphia Millionaire. PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27.—The condition of William L. Elkins, the financier, is reported to-day as being grave. He spent a restless night and as a result is said to be considerably exhausted. His physicians say there is but little hope of his recovery.

SLAYERS BROUGHT GIRL'S BODY HOME

Mother of Victim Watched Two Men Carry Corpse from Carriage and Place It in an Alley Near Her Home.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 27.—Mabel H. Bechtel, twenty-one years old, was murdered and her body placed in an underground alley adjoining her home, where it was found to-day by her mother. Her skull was crushed, but there were other marks of violence on the body. Miss Bechtel went driving yesterday morning with David Weisenberg, and this was the last time she was seen alive.

Mrs. Bechtel, mother of the murdered girl, was aroused shortly after 1 A. M. to-day by the barking of dogs. Upon looking out of her bedroom window she saw two men carrying an object from a carriage and place it in the underground alley near the Bechtel home.

Mrs. Bechtel made no investigation, but upon arising this morning she found her daughter's shoes, hat and coat in the dining-room.

Later the body of Miss Bechtel was found in the alley where it had been carried by the two men.

The frontal bone had been crushed as if by a heavy hammer. No arrests have as yet been made.

TOBIN MUST GO TO DEATH CHAIR

The Court of Appeals Decides that He Must Die for the Brutal Murder of Old Captain Craft.

ALBANY, Oct. 27.—The Court of Appeals to-day affirmed the conviction and sentence of death upon Thomas Tobin for the murder of Capt. Craft in a Tensler resort in New York City last fall.

Tobin attacked and hacked to death with a battle-axe, a retired seaman, in the basement of the Empire, a dive on West Twenty-ninth street. He cut up the body and tried to burn it in the furnace, but the chimney failed to carry off the smoke and the crime was discovered.

Tobin's counsel, Messrs. Levy & Underhill, made a hard fight for the convicted man, but the evidence was so conclusive against him and the crime of such a revolting character that even their persistence failed to secure a reversal of sentence.

COTOPAXI VOLCANO ACTIVE.

GUAYAQUIL, Ecuador, Oct. 27.—It is reported from Quito that a dense column of fire is visible from there, emerging from the crater of the Cotopaxi volcano. The neighboring villages have not sustained any damage.

ROOSEVELT IS 45 AND CELEBRATES

President Gets Many Birthday Favours, and Greetings Reach Him from All Parts of the Country.

BIG SHOW OF FLORAL GIFTS.

Cabinet Members Add Their Good Words and New York Delegation Follows Annual Custom and Visits the White House.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—President Roosevelt to-day celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of his birth and many beautiful and touching reminders of the event reached him from every part of the country hundreds of telegrams and letters of congratulations having been received at the White House during the day.

When the members of the Cabinet assembled for the usual semi-weekly meeting, they joined in extending cordial congratulations to the President. The cabinet room and the President's private office were filled with exquisite floral offerings.

A huge basket of chrysanthemums was sent to the President from the Government House garden. It contained about two score of handsome specimens, many of them as large as the crown of a derby hat and of splendid coloring.

Early in the executive day a committee representing the Hungarian Republican Club of New York, of which the President is an honorary member, called to convey him the annual expression of the Club's good wishes and to congratulate him upon his birthday.

MR. MURPHY WAS COLD.

Started Fire and Nearly Burned Up Lumber Yard.

When Cornelius Murphy, employed by the Manhattan Lumber Company at Thirty-fourth street and Eleventh avenue, reached the office of the concern to-day he was cold and started a fire in the stove for the first time this season. It was a good, earnest fire, and within half an hour the room was warm. Then he had ever been in his life. The office caught fire and the flames spread to the lumber yard. Quick work by the firemen confined the blaze to a limited area, but for a time the entire neighborhood was threatened. The damage will amount to about \$1,000.

MACHIAS AT NAPLES.

NAPLES, Oct. 27.—The United States gunboat Machias has arrived here from Port Said and is coaling preparatory to taking United States Consul Sedgwick, of Marselles, and his expedition to Jibuti, French Somaliland, whence the expedition will start for Abyssinia. The officers of the Machias hope to be able to leave here tomorrow.

CITY AMazes FREED CONVICT

After Nearly Thirty Years in Sing Sing Prison Martin Gill Returns Home and Is Overwhelmed at the Changes.

HAD NEVER SEEN "L" ROAD, TROLLEY OR SKYSCRAPERS

Pardon Procured by Priest, Who Will Take Care of Him—All the Old Prisoner's Friends Are Dead.

When the express train from Sing Sing arrived at the Grand Central Station the afternoon an old man stood upon the platform. He was feeble and he hung to the railing of the car and gazed about him in open-mouthed wonder.

"It's more than wonderful," he said. "Look at those great buildings. Look at this great station. New York is not the New York it was thirty years ago when I went out of life and looked at the sunshine through prison bars."

The old man was Martin Gill, who for thirty years has been in Sing Sing prison. With the old man was Brother Jerome, of Manhattan College. The good priest looked upon the old man and smiled.

"Are you enjoying it all, Martin?" he asked. "It doesn't seem so strange to persons who have lived in God's sunshine and breathed God's fresh air and liberty."

When the train stopped old Martin stepped to the platform. He looked about him as though he didn't know what to do with his liberty. He seemed to miss the presence of the keepers. He glanced at his suit of dark clothes and he appeared to miss the stripes he has worn for so many years.

Sentence for Life in 1874. Gill, then a young man, was convicted of murder in New York July 2, 1874. Four days later—justice was quick in those days—the prison bars of Sing Sing grated behind him. He was sentenced to spend the rest of his life in the penitentiary.

Martin Gill was a good man when he donned stripes. Never once since he went behind the bars has there been one complaint about him or his work. He was obedient to the guards and he showed a sympathy with the other prisoners that brought him to the attention of Brother Jerome.

"Who is this man?" the good priest asked.

"A murderer doing a life sentence," he was told.

Brother Jerome then set about to get a pardon for the old man. The pardon came to-day and the priest went to Sing Sing and asked to see Gill. When Gill was told that he had been pardoned, that his life was his own and that he would come into New York at once, he wept. The news seemed to be too good to be true.

In his new suit of clothes and walking by the side of the priest, Gill walked from the prison, he saw and he looked at the barred windows and high walls. "I believe I have paid what I owed," he said.

It was when the train came and Gill saw the bustling crowds and the fast engine with the model cars that he became excited. He looked at the skyscrapers and the great crowds of people and he said: "I believe I have paid what I owed," he said.

It was when the train came and Gill saw the bustling crowds and the fast engine with the model cars that he became excited. He looked at the skyscrapers and the great crowds of people and he said: "I believe I have paid what I owed," he said.

"Everything is changed," he said. "I have never seen any of your wonderful electric lights. In fact, I am like a child. I can't take it all in. Brother Jerome, I believe I have paid what I owed," he said.

Those who remembered me are all dead."

DEATH OF HENRY GUYER.

For Years He Had Been Employed in World Press Room.

Henry Guyer, who has been assistant foreman of The World press room for many years, died last night in the German Hospital, Brooklyn. He was operated on last Friday.

Mr. Guyer was forty-three years old and lived at No. 63 Euclid avenue, Brooklyn, with his wife and three children. He had been a printer all his life and about two years ago was an unusually robust man. Then he began to suffer from an internal trouble that rapidly sapped his strength and finally necessitated the operation from which he died.

DYNAMITE CAUSED WRECK.

Six Men Thought to Have Been Killed by Explosion Near Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—Six men are thought to have been killed by an explosion of dynamite that shattered windows in scores of houses and partly wrecked the city race track early to-day. The crash was caused by a premature blast where the Illinois Steel Company is filling in ground south of South Chicago. The shock was felt in Hammond, Ind., and in Blue Island.

Three fishermen and three railroad laborers were in the vicinity when the explosion occurred. Although a search of the debris failed to reveal evidence of their death, it was feared that they may have been killed.